

Constantine Republican

VOLUME I.

CONSTANTINE, ST. JOSEPH CO. MICHIGAN, AUGUST 24, 1836.

NUMBER 8.

CONSTANTINE REPUBLICAN,

PUBLISHED BY

MUNGER & COWDERY,

Every Wednesday Morning, at the stand formerly occupied by Maj. I. J. Ullman, corner of Canis and Water streets.

Terms.—Two dollars per annum in advance, two dollars and fifty cents within the year, or three dollars at the expiration of the year.

CARRIAGE MAKING.



WM. REID & CO. would respectfully inform the citizens of Constantine and St. Joseph county, that they still carry on the CARRIAGE and WAGON MAKING business at their old stand, where they will be happy to attend to all calls in their line. They have the best of workmen in their employ, and feel assured that they can and do turn out as good work as any other establishment of the kind in the western country.

STAGE COACHES repaired on short notice. Repairing done cheap for cash and on short notice. Their shop is No. 2, Mechanics' Row, Second street Constantine.

June 29, 1836. 1tf



BLACKSMITHING.—A. & W. PEXLARS, would most respectfully inform the citizens of this village and vicinity, that they continue to carry on the above business in all of its various branches, at their new shop, No. 3, Mechanics' Row, Constantine, where they hold themselves ready to do every variety of Smithing which may be called for. Those who favor them with their work, may be assured that all orders in their line of business will be promptly executed, as from long experience in their business they flatter themselves that they shall be able to give general satisfaction.

For Horse Shoeing and Ironing Wagons done in the most approved manner, and with due dispatch.

FLOWS and AXES made to order on short notice.

ANDREW PENLAND,

Constantine, June 29, 1836. 1tf

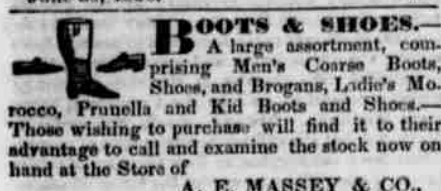


TEA, COFFEE, ALL-SPICE, PEPPER, GINGER, SALARATUS etc. etc. kept constantly on hand and for sale by

A. E. MASSEY & CO.,

No. 10, Water-st.

Constantine, June 29, 1836. 1tf



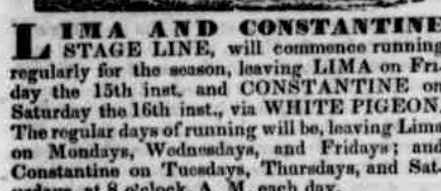
BOOTS & SHOES.—A large assortment, comprising Men's, Boys', Ladies', and Children's Boots, Shoes, and Breeches, all of the best quality, and at the lowest prices.

Those wishing to purchase will find it to their advantage to call and examine the stock now on hand at the Store of

A. E. MASSEY & CO.,

No. 10, South side Water-st., Constantine.

June 29, 1836. 1tf



LIMA and CONSTANTINE

STAGE LINE, will commence running regularly for the season, leaving LIMA on Friday the 13th inst., and CONSTANTINE on Saturday the 16th inst., via WHITE PIGEON.

The regular days of running will be, leaving Lima on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; and Constantine on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8 o'clock, A. M. each day.

Also, from LIMA to SHERMAN, and running in connection with the Chicago Stage Line.

For seats apply to the Stage Office at Lima, or to Constantine.

WILLIAM M. CARY, Proprietor.

Lima, July 13, 1836. 2tf



STEAM BOAT MATILDA BARNEY.

The Steam boat Matilda Barney, Capt. Coolidge, leaves Niles for St. Joseph every Monday and Thursday morning.

Returning, leaves St. Joseph for Niles every Tuesday and Friday evening.

For freight or passage, apply to

JOB J. BEESON,

at his ware house, Niles, July 13, 1836. 2tf



NEW STORE.—The subscribers have formed a co-partnership, under the firm of

ADAMS & APPLETON, and will open in a few weeks, at the old stand of W. T. House & Co., on Water Street, the most extensive and best selected assortment of GROCERIES, WINES, LIQUORS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, etc. etc. ever brought into the Western Country.

CHARLES S. ADAMS,

JOHN A. APPLETON.

Constantine, June 29, 1836. 1tf



CAME into the enclosure of the subscriber on the 25th July inst., a Brown Mare, heavy with foal; six or seven years old. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take her away. **H. HUNT,** Constantine, July 27, 1836. 4tf

SAMUEL H. ABBOTT, SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER, Constantine, will soon lay in a supply of leather and other materials, in addition to his present stock, when he will be prepared to accommodate his old friends and customers in good style.

Constantine, June 29, 1836. 1tf



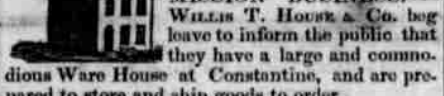
STEAM BOAT CONSTANTINE.

Two Shares of Stock in the above Boat can be had by application to

WILLIS T. HOUSE & CO.,

No. 7, Water st. Constantine.

June 29, 1836. 1tf



STORAGE, FORWARDING & COMMISSION BUSINESS.—

WILLIS T. HOUSE & CO. beg leave to inform the public that they have a large and commodious Ware House at Constantine, and are prepared to store and ship goods to order.



Owning one half of the Keel Boat CONSTANTINE, they will be prepared to ship to any

Ports on Lake Michigan, Lake Erie or Lake Ontario, as the owners of freight may choose.

Constantine, June 29, 1836. 1tf



CABINET MAKING.—

CHRISTIAN KUCH would respectfully inform the citizens of Constantine and its vicinity, that he still continues the CABINET MAKING business, in all its various branches. He would be happy to attend to all orders in his line, and he has to assure the public that his work shall be turned out in a manner inferior to none in Michigan, in point of elegance of style and durability.

BUREAUS, SECRETARIES, SIDEBOARDS, SOFAS, COUCHES, BOOK CASES, WARDROBE, PIER, CENTRE, CARD and FOLIO TABLES, LADIES' WORK TABLES and STANDS, MUSIC STOOLS, etc. etc.

made to order on short notice, and out of as good materials as can be found in Michigan. His shop is on Canis street, two doors from the corner of Water and Canis streets.

Constantine, June 29, 1836. 1tf



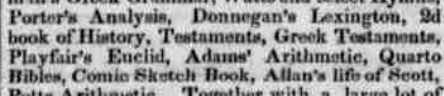
NEW BOOKS BY CANAL, at STEELE'S

Bookstore:

Holland's life of Van Buren, Maltrebrun's Geography, Parley's do, Church's Psalms, Batters' Greek Grammar, Watts and select Hymns, Porter's Analysis, Donagan's Lexington, 2d book of History, Testaments, Greek Testament, Playfair's Euclid, Adams' Arithmetic, Quarto Bible, Comic Sketch Book, Allan's life of Scott, Potts Arithmetic. Together with a large lot of Miscellaneous Books, for sale wholesale and retail, at New-York prices.

O. G. STEELE, 214 Main st.

Buffalo, June 29, 1836. 1y1



NEW ESTABLISHMENT—

PLOUGH FACTORY.—REID, TEESDAL & Co. would state, for the information of the public, that they have entered into a co-partnership, in the PLOUGH business, and opened a shop in Mechanics' Row, Constantine, for the purpose of Manufacturing and Repairing Ploughs, where they will be glad to receive orders for work in their business. The public are assured that they will give strict attention to their business.—Patronage solicited.

Ploughs WOODED in the most approved style. Handles, Beams, &c., kept constantly on hand, so that Old Ploughs can be repaired on short notice; also, repairing of all kinds, done on the most reasonable terms, for Cash.

Farmers are invited to call and examine their Ploughs, and judge for themselves.

ISAAC BENHAM, SAMUEL TEESDAL, SAMUEL REID.

Constantine, June 29, 1836. 1tf



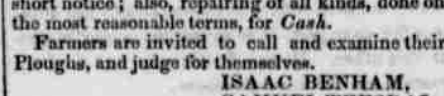
HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.

A general assortment for sale by

W. T. HOUSE & CO.,

No. 7, Water-st.

Constantine, June 29, 1836. 1tf



BOOTS & SHOES.—

The Subscribers have on hand an extensive supply of Boots and Shoes, among which may be found Men's fine

Calif. Kip and Brogan Boots and Shoes, Ladies' Kid, Seal, Calif, Morocco and French Boots, Shoes and Slippers; also, Children's Morocco and Calfskin Shoes.

As their assortment of Brogans were made to order, and of the best material, they feel confident in saying that Shoes of a better quality were never before offered in this market.

W. T. HOUSE & CO.,

No. 7, Water street.

Constantine, June 29, 1836. 1tf



Farmers Look at This!

PATENT FANNING MILLS.—

P. E. GROVER would inform the citizens of St. Joseph and adjoining counties, that he is now making at his shop, in Constantine, the best article of FANNING MILLS ever offered for sale in the Western country, of an improved patent, and warranted to do a first rate business. Persons wishing to purchase the above article are invited to call and examine them as he will have them constantly on hand.

P. E. GROVER.

Constantine, June 29, 1836. 1tf

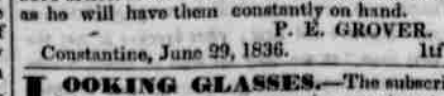


LOOKING GLASSES.—The subscribers offer for sale an extensive assortment.

W. T. HOUSE & CO.,

No. 7, Water street.

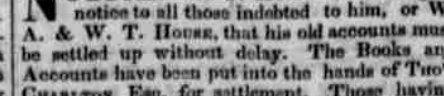
Constantine, June 29, 1836. 1tf



NOTICE.—W. T. HOUSE, would give notice to all those indebted to him, or W. A. & W. T. HOUSE, that his old accounts must be settled up without delay. The Books and Accounts have been put into the hands of Two's Caretaker Esq. for settlement. Those having unsettled Accounts or Notes standing will please call on the above named gentleman and settle the same immediately.

W. T. HOUSE.

Constantine, June 29, 1836. 1tf



THE HILLS.

From the Knickerbocker.

The hills!—the 'everlasting hills'!

How peerlessly they rise, Like Earth's gigantic sentinels

Discouraging in the skies, By Freedom's children trod;

Hail! ye invulnerable walls— The masonry of God!

When the dismantled pyramids Shall blend with desert dust,

When every temple made with hands Is faithless to its trust,

Ye shall not stoop your Titan crests— Magnificent as now!

Till your Almighty Architect In thunder bids you bow!

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Till your Almighty Architect In thunder bids you bow!

I love the torrents strong and fierce, That to the plain ye fling,

Which gently flows at their goal, And eagles at their spring;

And when arrested at their speed By winter's wand of frost,

The brilliant and fantastic forms In which their waves are loosed.

Glorious you are, when Noon's fierce beams Your naked summits smile,

As over yon's great leap hangs poised In cloudless crysalline.

Glorious, when over yon's sunset clouds Like brooded curtains lie—

Sublime, when through dim moonlight, looms, Your special majesty.

I love your iron-aimed race— Have shared their rugged fare—

The thresholds of whose crysalline homes Look out on boundless air;

Bold hunters, who from highest cliffs The wild goat's trophies bring,

And erect their bonnets with the plumes Of your aerial king!

I love the mountain maidens— Their step's elastic spring

Is light as if some visionless bird Upbowed them with its wing;

Theirs is the wild, unfettered grace That art hath never spoiled,

And theirs the healthful purity That fashion hath not cooled.

Mountains! I dwell not with ye now, To climb ye, and rejoice;

And round me loometh as I write, A crowded city's voice;

But oft in watches of the night, When sleep the turmoil stills,

My spirit seems to walk abroad Among ye, mighty hills!

From the Western Monthly Magazine.

ISABELLA AND HER SISTER KATE, AND THEIR COUSIN.

Mistakes and misunderstandings are not such bad things after all, at least not always so; circumstances alter cases.

I remember a case quite in point. Every body in the country admired Isabella Edmonds, and in truth, she was an admirable creature, just made for admiration and sonneting, and falling in love with; and accordingly all the country of — was in love with her. The columns of every Argus, and Herald, and Sentinel, and Gazette, and Spectator, and all manner of newspapers, abounded with the effusions, supplicatory and declaratory, of her worshippers; in short, Miss Isabella was the object of all the spare 'ideality' in all the region round about. Now, I shall not inform my respected readers how she looked; you may just think of a Venus, a Psyche, a Madonna, a fairy, an angel, and so forth, and you will have a very definite idea on the point. I must run on with my story. I am not about to choose this angel for my heroine, because she is too handsome, and too much like other heroines, for my purpose. But Miss Isabella had a sister, and I think I shall take her. 'Little Kate,' for she was always spoken of in the diminutive, was some years younger than her sister, and somewhat shorter in stature. She had no pretensions to beauty—none at all; yet there was a certain something, a certain—in short, sir, she looked very much like Mrs. A. or Miss G. whom you admire so much, though you always declare she is not handsome.

It requires very peculiar talent to be overlooked with a good grace, and in this talent Miss Kate excelled. She was as placid and as happy by the side of her brilliant sister, as any little contented star, that for ages has twinkled on, unnoticed and almost eclipsed, by the side of the peerless moon. Indeed, the only art of science in which Kate ever made any great proficiency, was the art and science of being happy, and in this she so remarkably excelled, that one could scarcely be in her presence half an hour without feeling unaccountably comfortable themselves.

She had a world of sprightliness, a deal of simplicity and affection, with a dash of good natured shrewdness, that, after all, kept you more in awe than you would ever suppose you could be kept by such a merry, good-natured, little nobody. Not one of Isabella's adorners ever looked at her with such devout admiration as did the laughing Kate. No one was more ready to run, wait and tend—to be up stairs, and every where in ten minutes, when Isabella was dressing for conquest; in short, she was, as the dedications of books sometimes set forth, her ladyship's most obedient, most devoted servant.

But if I am going to tell you my story, I must not keep you all night looking at pictures; so now to my tale, which I shall commence in manner and form the following:

It came to pass that a certain college valetudinarian and a far-off cousin of the two sisters, came to pass a few months of his free-agency at their father's; and, as afore-said, he had carried off the first college honor, besides the hearts of all the ladies in the front gallery at the last commencement.

So interesting! so poetic! such fine eyes, and all that, was the reputation he left with the gentle sex. But, alas, poor Edward, what did all this advantage him? so long as

he was afflicted with that unutterable, indescribable malady, commonly called bashfulness—a worse nullifier than any ever heard of in Carolina. Should you see him in company, you would really suppose him ashamed of his remarkably handsome person and cultivated mind. When he began to speak, you felt tempted to throw open the window and offer him a smelling bottle, he made such a distressing affair of it; and as to speaking to a lady! the thing was not to be thought of.

When Kate heard that this 'rare avis' was coming to her father's, she was unaccountably interested to see him, of course—because he was her cousin, and because—a dozen other things too numerous to mention.

He came, and was for one or two days an object of commiseration, as well as admiration, of the whole family circle. After a while, however, he grew quite domestic; entered the room straight forward, instead of stealing in sideways—talked off whole sentences without stopping—looked Miss Isabella full in the face without blushing—even tried his skill at sketching patterns, and winding silk—read poetry, and played the flute with the ladies—romped and frolicked with the children—and, in short, as old John observed, was 'as pleasant as a psalm book from morning till night.'

Divers reports began to spread abroad in the neighborhood, and great confusion was heard in the camp of Miss Isabella's admirers. It was stated with great precision how many times they had ridden—walked—talked together, and even all they had said. In short, the whole neighborhood was full of

'That strange knowledge that doth come, We know not how—We know not where.'

As for Kate, she always gave all admirers to her sister, *ex officio*, so she thought that of all the men she had ever seen, she should like cousin Edward best for a brother, and she did hope Isabella would like him as she did; and for some reason or other, her speculations were remarkably drawn to this point; and yet, for some reason or otherwise, she felt as if she could not ask any questions about it.

At last, events appeared to draw toward a crisis. Edward became more and more 'brown studios' every day, and he and Isabella, had divers solitary walks and confabulations, from which they returned with a peculiar solemnity of countenance. Moreover, the quick-sighted little Kate noticed that when Edward was with herself, he seemed to talk as though he talked not, while with Isabella he was all animation and interest; that he was constantly falling into trances and reveries, and broke off the thread of conversation abruptly; and in short, had every appearance of a person who would be glad to say something, if he only knew how.

'So,' said Kate to herself, 'they neither of them speak to me about it—I should think they might; Belle I should think would, and Edward knows I am a good friend of his; I know he is thinking of it all the time—he might as well tell me, and he shall.'

The next morning Miss Kate was sitting in the little back parlour. Isabella was gone out shopping, and Edward was—she did not know where. Oh, no, here he is—coming book in hand into the self same little room; 'now for it,' said the merry girl, mentally, 'I'll make a charge at him.'

Looked up; master Edward was sitting diagonally on the sofa, twirling the leaves of his book in a very unbecoming manner; he looked out of the window, and then he walked to the sideboard and poured out three tumblers of water; then he drew a chair up to the work table, and took up first one ball of cotton, looked it all over, and laid it down again; then another, then he picked up the scissors and minced up two or three little bits of paper; and then he began to pull the needles out of the needle book, and put them back again.

'Do you wish for some sewing, sir?' said the young lady, after having very composedly superintended these operations.

'How—ma'm, what?' said he, starting, and upsetting box, stand and all, upon the floor.

'Now, cousin, I'll thank you to pick up that cotton,' said Kate, as the confused collegian stood staring at the cotton balls rolling in divers directions. It takes some time to pick up all the things in a lady's work-box; but at last peace was restored, and with it came a long pause.

'Well, cousin,' said Kate, in about ten minutes, 'if you can't speak, I can; you have something to tell me, you know you have.'

'Well, I know I have,' said the scholar, in a tone of hearty vexation.

'There's no need of being so fierce about it,' said the mischievous maiden; 'nor of tangleing my silk, and picking out all my needles, and upsetting my work-box, as preparatory ceremonies.'

'There is never any need of being a fool, Kate; and I am vexed that I cannot say (a pause).'

'Well, sir, you have displayed a reasonable fluency so far, don't you feel as if you could finish? Don't be alarmed; I should like, of all things, to be your confidant.'

But Edward did not finish; his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and he appeared to be going into convulsions.

'Well, I must finish for you, I suppose,' said the young lady; 'the short of the matter is, Master Edward, you are in love, and have exhibited the phenomena thereof this fortnight. Now, you know I am a friendly little body, so do be tractable, and tell me the

rest. Have you said any thing to her about it?'

'To her? to whom?' said Edward starting.

'Why, Isabella, to be sure; it's she, isn't it?'

'No, Miss Catharine, it's you,' said the scholar, who, like most bashful persons, could be amazingly explicit, when he spoke at all.

Poor little Kate! it was her turn to look at the cotton balls, and to exhibit symptoms of scarlet fever; and while she is thinking what to say next, you may read the next piece in the Magazine.

Female Society.—You know my opinion of female Society. Without it we should degenerate into brutes. This observation applies with tenfold force to young men, and those who are in the prime of manhood. For, after a certain time of life, the literary man makes a shift (a poor one I grant) to do without the society of ladies. To a young man nothing is so important as a spirit of devotion (next to his Creator) to some amiable and virtuous woman, whose image may occupy his heart, and guard it from the pollution which besets it on all sides. Nevertheless, I trust that the fondness for the company of ladies may not rob you of the time which ought to be devoted to reading and meditation on your profession; and above all, that it may not acquire for you the appellation of *Dangler*—in itself bordering on the contemptible, and seriously detrimental to your professional character. A cautious old squareroes might have no objections to employing such a one at the bar, who would perhaps be shy of introducing such a one into his family, in case he had a pretty daughter, or niece or sister; though all experience shows, that of all male inhabitants, the dangle is the most harmless to the ladies, who quickly learn with the intuitive sagacity of the sex, to make a convenience of him, while he serves for a butt also. Rely upon it that to love a woman as 'mistress,' although a delicious delirium, an intoxication far surpassing that of Champagne, is altogether unessential, nay pernicious, in the choice of a wife; which a young man ought to do in his sober senses—choosing her as Mrs. Primrose did her wedding gown, for qualities that 'wear well.' I am persuaded, that few love matches are happy ones. One thing at least is true, that if matrimony has its cares, celibacy has no pleasure. A Newton, or a mere scholar, may find amusement in study; a man of literary taste receive in books a powerful auxiliary, but a man must have a bosom friend, and children around him, to cherish and support the dreariness of old age.—*Random.*

The Guillotine.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser thus describes the instrument with which Fieschi and his accomplices were beheaded a short time ago in Paris.

Conceive of a scaffold 15 by 39 feet square, and six or eight feet in elevation. Between the centre and one side of it stands a frame much like an ordinary door, only not so wide. The two upright posts of this frame are grooved on the ax, as it is called, which is rather an immense cleaver, not exactly horizontal, but making an angle with the horizon. By means of pulleys and cords this ax is drawn up to the top of the frame.—The convict is stationed precisely his length in front of it, with his face towards the horrible machine. A plank or board stands up before him which reaches nearly to the lower part of the neck. To that board he is quickly lashed by the executioner. In an instant the plank, moved by the machinery, tilts over, bringing the convict down into a horizontal position with his breast, or rather his belly resting on it and his head between the two upright posts of the machine.

In another instant the ax descends upon the back of his neck, with a noise which would lead you to believe that it does not weigh less than sixty pounds. Of course the head is severed in the twinkling of an eye! The executioner picks it up and throws it into a basket, and long with it places the body. This is the famous guillotine, an instrument of death,